



**HAPPY BIRTHDAY JESUS**

# Youth /

Number 23  
Volume 20

December 21, 1969

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YOUTH magazine  
is published  
for high school young people  
of the  
United Church of Christ  
and

The Episcopal Church

An Horizons edition is published  
for young people of the  
Church of the Brethren

YOUTH is also  
recommended for use  
among young people of the  
Anglican Church of Canada

YOUTH magazine is published every other week throughout the year (except during July and August, when monthly) by the United Church Press. The Horizons Edition is distributed to Brethren youth by the General Board—Church of the Brethren.

**Publication office:** 1720 Chouteau Avenue, St. Louis, Mo. 63103. Second class postage paid at Philadelphia, Pa., and at additional mailing offices. Accepted for mailing at a special rate of postage, provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized June 3, 1943.

**Subscription rates:** Single subscriptions, \$3.00 a year. Group rates, three or more to one address, \$2.40 each. Single copies, 25 cents each, double issues, 50 cents.

**Subscription offices:** *United Church of Christ:* Division of Publication, United Church Board for Homeland Ministries, 1505 Race St., Philadelphia, Pa. 19102. *Episcopal Church:* Circulation Department, YOUTH magazine, Room 310, 1505 Race St., Philadelphia, Pa. 19102. *Church of the Brethren:* General Board, 1451 Dundee Ave., Elgin, Ill. 60120.

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Design by Charles N. Newton

*Unwed mother gives birth in stable!  
the Daily News might have proclaimed  
And reported with lurid detail  
the tumult and frustration of the time  
The News would not have seen  
stars, or angels,  
or the wonder of birth.  
Only dirt and squalor and sensation.*

*What is reality?  
Is it event?  
or our perception of the event?*

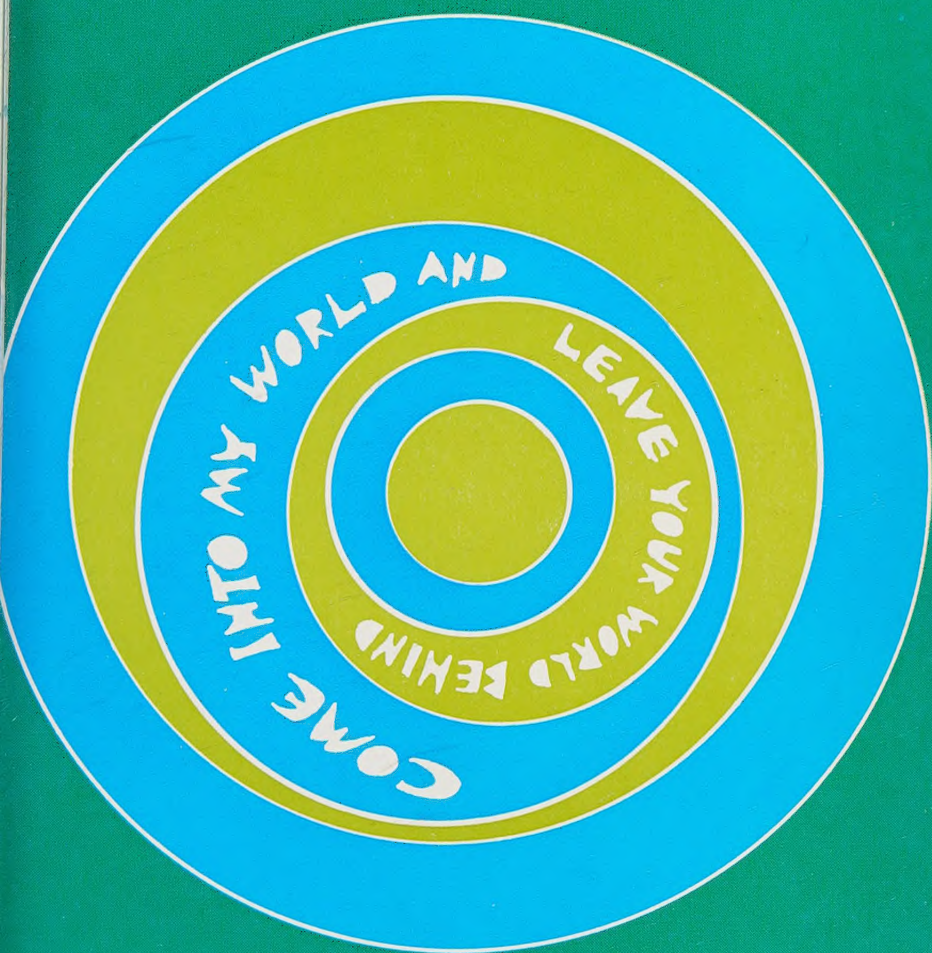
*May the wonder of Christ's birth  
which shepherds  
and wisemen alike perceived  
Enter our lives and thus change  
not only our understanding  
of that event  
But of life itself.*

Let us affirm the good news! Let us celebrate Christmas! This issue of YOUTH has been designed as celebration—for despite the tumult and frustration of our times, as Christians we do affirm that in Jesus, and in his message of love, there can be peace and joy for mankind. Taken apart, this issue of YOUTH can become many things. Some of its pages, cut and folded, will form ornaments with which you can decorate your Christmas tree, your room, yourself, your friends. Other pages—which combine photos, scripture, and contemporary folk/rock lyrics—might serve as cards to send to friends.

As for the cover, it has been designed to be cut out and worn, this Christmas season, either as an armband or a button. We suspect that

Continued on page 2







Cut out rays  
carefully  
Fold back pink  
tips in opposite  
directions  
Hang with dark  
thread from tree

WHAT FOR  
AND WHY



YOU GOTTA MAKE WARS  
FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS

GIVE  
PEACE  
CHANCE

...A TIME FOR EVERYBODY  
IT'S NOT  
TOO LATE  
TURN  
TURN  
TURN

WHAT THE WORLD NEEDS NOW...

Cut slots (see black arrowheads) either side of dark green area. Cut out shape. Crease fold on (See white arrows). Twist slot A and insert into slot B.

GOES TO BEAT

...IS LOVE SWEET LOVE





BLACKBIRD  
SINGING IN THE DEAD OF NIGHT...  
WAITING FOR THE MOMENT TO ARISE



Turn to page 8 . . .  
Cut out overall shape  
(include tongue A)  
Fold under and crease at  
pink line which runs  
across center of cage.  
(See top picture at right.)  
Slit cage bars from folded  
edge up  
to top of bars. (See second picture.)  
Unfold, turn cage into tube by  
inserting tongue A into slit B.  
(See bottom left.)  
Hang small light inside cage on  
tree (see bottom right) or set on table  
top for decoration.

WHITE BIRD IN A GOLDEN CAGE... ALONE





MAKE  
YOUR  
OWN KIND  
OF MUSIC

EVEN IF NOBODY  
ELSE SINGS ALONG

IN THOSE DAYS A DECREE WENT OUT FROM CAESAR AUGUSTUS  
THAT ALL THE WORLD SHOULD BE ENROLLED . . .





## ELUSIVE BUTTERFLY

You might wake up some morning  
To the sound of something moving  
Past your window in the wind.  
And if you're quick enough to rise,  
You'll catch the fleeting glimpse  
Of someone's fading shadow

Don't be concerned, it will not harm you.  
It's only me pursuing something I'm not sure of.  
Across my dream, with nets of wonder,  
I chase the bright elusive butterfly of love.

Out on the new horizon,  
You may see the floating motion  
Of a distant pair of wings.  
And if the sleep has left your ears,  
You might hear footsteps  
Running through an open meadow.

You might have heard my footsteps  
Echo softly in the distance  
Through the canyons of your mind.  
I might have even called your name  
As I ran searching after  
Something to believe in.

Don't be concerned, it will not harm you.  
It's only me pursuing something I'm not sure of.  
Across my dream, with nets of wonder,  
I chase the bright elusive butterfly of love.

You might have seen me running  
Through the long abandoned ruins  
Of the dreams you left behind.  
If you remember something there  
That glided past you followed  
Close by heavy breathing,

Don't be concerned, it will not harm you.  
It's only me pursuing something I'm not sure of,  
Across my dream, with nets of wonder,  
I chase the bright elusive butterfly of love.

—Bob Lind

## IF I WERE A CARPENTER

If I were a carpenter  
And you were a lady  
Would you marry me anyway,  
Would you have my baby?

If a tinker were my trade  
Would you still love me?  
Carrying the pots I made,  
Following behind me?

Save my love through loneliness,  
Save my love for sorrow.  
I've given you my ownliness  
Come and give me your tomorrow.

If I worked my hands in wood  
Would you still love me?  
Answer me, Baby, "Yes I would,  
I'd put you above me."

If I were a miller  
At a mill wheel grinding.  
Would you miss your colored box,  
Your soft shoes shining?

Save my love through loneliness  
Save my love for sorrow.  
I've given you my ownliness,  
Come and give me your tomorrow.

—Tim Hardin





Photos by Ed Wallowitch

## I AM A CHILD IN THESE HILLS

I am a child in these hills,  
I am away, I am alone,  
I am a child in these hills,  
And looking for water  
And looking for water.

Who will show me the river  
And ask me my name,  
There's nobody near me to do that,  
I have come to these hills,  
I will come to the river  
As I choose to be gone  
From the house of my father,  
I am a child in these hills,  
I am a child in these hills.

Exiled from the gates of the city,  
By no one who trusted me,  
I am away, I am alone,  
I am a child in these hills,  
And looking for water  
And looking for life.

Who will show me the river  
And ask me my name,  
There's nobody near me to do that,  
I have come to these hills,  
I will come to the river  
As I choose to be gone  
From the house of my father,  
I am a child in these hills,  
I am a child in these hills.

—Isidore Broussé





AND IN THAT REGION THERE WERE SHEPHERDS IN THE FIELD . . .



## WEAR YOUR LOVE LIKE HEAVEN

Color in sky:  
Prussian blue  
Scarlet fleece changes hue;  
Crimson ball sinks from view.  
Wear your love like heaven.  
Wear your love like heaven.  
Lord, kiss me once more;  
Fill me with song.  
Allah, kiss me once more  
That I may, that I may  
Wear my love like heaven,  
Wear my love like heaven.

Color sky Havana Lake.  
Color sky rose carmetene,  
Alizarian crimson.  
Wear your love like heaven.  
Wear your love like heaven.  
Lord, kiss me once more;  
Fill me with song.  
Allah, kiss me once more  
That I may, that I may  
Wear my love like heaven,  
Wear my love like heaven.

Can I believe what I see?  
All I have wished for will be.  
All our race proud and free.  
Lord, kiss me once more;  
Fill me with song.  
Allah, kiss me once more  
That I may, that I may  
Wear my love like heaven,  
Wear my love like heaven:  
Carmina.

—Donovan Leitch



## UP FROM THE SKIES

I just want to talk to you;  
I won't do you no harm.  
I just want to know about your  
different lives  
On this here people farm.  
I heard some of you got your families  
lying in cages tall and cold,  
And some just stay there and dust  
away past the age of old.  
Is this true? Please let me talk to you.  
I just want to know about the rooms  
behind your minds.  
Do I see a vacuum there, or am I  
going blind?  
Or is it just remains from vibrations  
and echoes long ago?  
Things like, "love the world," and! "let  
your fancy flow."  
Is this true?  
Please let me talk to you.  
Let me talk to you.  
I have lived here before the days of ice;  
And of course this is why I'm so concerned.  
And I come back to find the stars misplaced,  
And the smell of a world that has burned  
The smell of a world that has burned.  
Well maybe, maybe it's just a change of climate.  
I can dig it.  
I can dig it, baby,  
I just want to see—  
So, where do I purchase my ticket?  
I would just like to have a ringside seat.  
I want to know about the new Mother Earth.  
I want to hear and see  
Everything. I want to hear and see  
Everything. I want to hear and see everything.

—Jimi Hendrix



Photos by Ed Eckstein and Bob Combs



I BRING YOU NEWS OF GREAT JOY . . .





## JESUS IS A SOUL MAN

Jesus is a soul man  
Jesus is a soul man  
Jesus is a soul man  
And I'm sure sold on him.

Oh they say that He's square  
That Jesus He ain't no where  
I know better He lives in my heart  
Jesus is a soul man  
Yes you can find him in the Bible pages  
Jesus He's the rock of ages  
He hides me in the clef of a rock  
Jesus is a soul man  
(Repeat chorus).

He calmed the waves when the storm is ragin'  
Keeps me safe when the devil's ragin'  
He's my staff and my shield  
He's my sword and my shield  
Jesus is a soul man  
Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego  
The King he said in the fire they must go  
He found out that the fire wouldn't burn 'em  
They was saved by the soul man  
(Repeat chorus).

—Lawrence Reynolds, Jack Cardwell

## MRS. ROBINSON

And here's to you, Mrs. Robinson.  
Jesus loves you more than you will know—  
Woo, woo, woo.

God bless you please, Mrs. Robinson;  
Heaven holds a place for those who pray.  
Hey, hey, hey hey, hey, hey,

*We'd like to know a little bit about you for your time.  
We'd like to help you learn to love yourself,  
Look around you, all you can see sympathize with you,  
Walk around the grounds until you feel at home.*

And here's to you, Mrs. Robinson:  
Jesus loves you more than you will know—  
Woo, woo, woo.

God bless you please, Mrs. Robinson;  
Heaven holds a place for those who pray.  
Hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey.

From "Mrs Robinson" by Paul Simon.

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Photos by Ed Carlin, Bruce Mifelt, Nancy Haines





# THE 59TH STREET BRIDGE SONG (FEELIN' GROOVY)

Slow down,  
You move too fast.  
You got to make the morning last.  
Just kickin' down the cobble stones,  
Lookin' for fun and feelin' Groovy.

Hello lamppost,  
What-cha knowin'  
I've come to watch your flowers growin'.  
Ain't-cha got no rhymes for me?  
Doot'in' doo-doo, feelin' Groovy.

Got no deeds to do,  
No promises to keep.  
I'm dappled and drowsy and ready to sleep.  
Let the morningtime drop all its petals on me.  
Life, I love you.  
All is Groovy.

—Paul Simon

From "The 59th Street Bridge Song (Feelin' Groovy)" by Paul Simon.  
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Continued from page 2

if you do so, you'll get all sorts of reactions from friends and strangers: smiles, comments, understanding, and misunderstanding. And, we would like to invite you to share with us whatever reactions you do receive. (Fill in the following slip and return it to us by January 6.)

When I wore the "Happy Birthday Jesus" armband/button people

The best reaction to it was

(this reaction was from a . . . child, . . . teen, . . . adult)

The worst reaction to it was

(this reaction was from a . . . child, . . . teen, . . . adult)


(RETURN TO YOUTH MAGAZINE, Room 806, 1505 Race Street,  
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania 19102)

There is hope for the world because God shared his Word with us in the life and love and spirit of Jesus Christ. Things haven't been the same since that first Christmas. It's all around us. Help others to see it! Tell them the good news!

PEACE! JOY! LOVE!

HAPPY BIRTHDAY JESUS





ALL  
GOD'S CHILDREN  
GET WEARY WHEN  
THEY ROAM...

DON'T IT MAKE YOU WANT TO GO HOME



Cut out the 7 pieces. Then carefully slit star (see arrowheads) and facing smaller pieces. Insert small shape slits into opposite slits on star. Attach thread to top point and hang on tree.

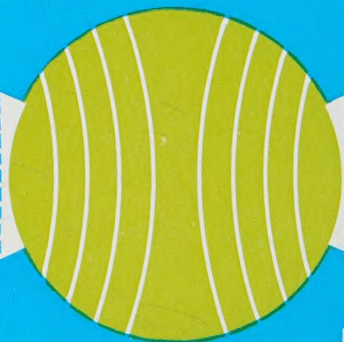
VOICES  
OF THE ANGEL...

HOW CAN YOU CATCH THE STARKOW?





IF  
YOU'VE GOT  
SOMETHING GOOD



GIVE IT TO THE  
WORLD

cut along blue  
line, all sides  
then fold each  
white corner  
over blue shape  
and crease . . .



. . . last, slit each side of  
angel wings to edge of  
earth symbol, fold back  
wings, attach black string  
and hang up.

COME ON PEOPLE



RIGHT NOW



SMILE  
ON YOUR  
BROTHER

Hang flower as decoration . . . or cut out  
orange strip (both covers) and wear as armband

